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POETRY.

THE LITTLE FROCK.

A common light blue muslin frock
Is hanging on the wall,
But no one in the household now
Can wear a dress so small.
The sleeves are both turned inside out,
And tell of summer wear;
They seem to wait the owner's hands,
Which last year placed them there.
'Twas at the children's festival
Her Sunday dress was soiled;
You need not turn it from the light—
To me it is not spoiled.
A sad and yet a pleasing thought,
Is to the spirit told,
By this dear little rumpled thing,
With dust in every fold.
Why should men weep, that to their home
An angel's love is given—
Or that, before them, she is gone
To blessedness in Heaven?

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

A GOLD IN THE HEAD.

Of all evils that we have, poor mortals, to dread,
Oh, what can be worse than a cold in the head,
For then you keep up a perpetual sneezing,
Such hemming and hawing, and coughing and wheezing.
You are cross as a bear, and are quite out of sorts,
And harbor towards people the bitterest thoughts,
And what is more trying, you look like a fight,
With your nose swollen up, and your eyes out of sight.
You feel low and sad, and are perfectly willing
To sell off yourself, in despair, for a shilling;
Your voice has departed—in vain you declare,
Is a whisper, your troubles—there's no one will care.
You're afflicted with toothache, or laid up with fever,
The lady you love best may prove a deceiver;
Your partner may run off, and pocket your gains,
Your good name be covered with all sorts of stains.
But nothing will put a man in such a frenzy,
As a regular old-fashioned, tough influenza.

WEBSTER.

Good! and the world may never hear again
The grand old music of thy wondrous speech,
Striking far deeper than the mind could reach
Into the heart and purposes of men!
Good! and the helm that in thy Roman hands
Drove the stout vessel through the blinding storm,
Scarcely to a feeble guidance will conform,
When waves beat high, and ropes break, strand by strand.
Good! we are like old men whose infant eyes
Familiar were with earth's vast pyramid—
Even as we gaze, and smile, and it is hid—
A low wild desert mocks the empty skies!

AGRICULTURE.

VALUE OF POULTRY MANURE.—It is lamentable, and disgusting even, to see what a waste is going on in this country of the richest and most valuable manure ever known. We are importing shipload after shipload of guano, (sea bird manure) while hundreds of poultry manure which is ascertained to be equal in value—is suffered to go to waste, in the United States. Each farmer's poultry yard produces so little, that it is suffered to go to waste, and thus the country loses over a million dollars annually.

How to save it. Having learned the value of poultry manure, we suppose now, our readers would like to know what is the best method to save it.

First, build a poultry house, if it be no more than a rough scaffolding of poles or slabs upon crotches, forming a double pitch roof, with end boards in winter, to keep out the wind and driving storms. Under this, place parallel roosts; and the manure in the night will drop down into a narrow row beneath. Here place a light loam about a foot deep rather wider and longer than the roost, and give it a sprinkling of Plaster of Paris an inch thick. When this is covered with manure an inch deep, give it a layer of loam four inches deep, and another sprinkling of an inch of plaster and so continue. In the spring, mix all well together, keep it free from rain and use it at the rate of one pint to a hill of corn, or a corresponding quantity for cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, melons, peas, onions, strawberries, or any other fruit, vegetable, or grain, requiring rich manure, and our words for it, you will have a crop of a superior quality. Thus you will become one out of the many who are desirous to benefit himself and assist in saving more than a million of dollars annually to the country.

LEAVES FOR LITTERING STABLES.—In this year of scarcity of hay, straw will be used more than usual for feeding stock, instead of being used for litter. Leaves from the forest may be used for litter, as a substitute for straw, in many instances with advantage. They may be readily gathered in large quantities where woods are free from underbrush, and the ground is dry. In many situations, the winds sweep them together in piles along fences, or the lee side of rocks and hills. They make the best possible bedding for pigs—they are clean and wholesome, give the animal a clean skin, and protect him, better than almost anything else, against cold. Another advantage of leaves for litter, they make excellent manure. Gardeners well know their value for this purpose. A mixture of leaves with animal manure, and old turf or peat, decomposed and well mixed, furnishes a compost which is very favorable to the growth of most plants. For litter, leaves should be gathered, if practicable, while dry.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SELECTED TALES.

HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

A STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

In the summer of 1847, Macmillan, the ventriloquist, had occasion to visit Manchester, for the purpose of giving his ventriloquist lectures at its different institutions. His attention was attracted by one shop, of rather humble appearance, from the circumstance of seeing the owner of it always sitting at his work, and a group of pretty children playing about the door. From the melancholy bits of black about their dress, they were evidently motherless. Mr. Macmillan learnt, from the inscription over the door, that the poor tradesman was named John Penny, and that he exercised the craft and mystery of boot and shoe-making. He was tall and thin, with a pale visage, and long hair, combed straight down his cheeks. His brow was thoughtful, not to say careworn; but there was an air of meek resignation about him that was very touching. The ventriloquist being a good-hearted man, and having a wife and family of his own, as he gazed on the unconscious children, could not help thinking of his "an Mary, and the wee bit bairns he had left at home." He could not resist giving poor Penny a turn, and improving his own understanding at the same time, by ordering a pair of boots. The humble tradesman, who was, as usual, at his work, gratefully acknowledged the order; but, in answer to Macmillan's very natural question—of when he could have the boots, replied with a deep sigh, that he did not exactly know, the order would be executed as soon as possible; but that he could not fix any precise time. Macmillan, from his knowledge of the world, and being a considerate man, thought that, perhaps, the poor fellow had not got the means to purchase the materials; there was a sad blank air of poverty about the shop. "I will leave you half a sovereign as a deposit," said he, "get them done as soon as possible." To his surprise, John Penny refused to take any advance. "It will be time enough to pay for the boots when you get them," said he significantly. Macmillan was perplexed.

He looked earnestly at the son of St. Crispin, whose brow was more thoughtful, and his look more careworn than ordinary; "Don't think me impertinent," said he, "but is anything the matter?—you seem unhappy." "No, nothing very particular," "Nay, nay, I'm convinced there is," returned Macmillan, whose sympathy began to be much awakened. "Come, what is it?" "Well, since you are pressing," said Penny, sighing deeply, "I will confess there is—my rent: I have gone back in my rent. I was one of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Tramp, the minister of our local chapel." "You don't mean you were one of the Jumpers?" inquired Macmillan, scarcely able to conceal a smile.

"I will confess that I was," replied Penny, devoutly. "I stood high in favour with that singularly pious man. All his congregation dealt with me for boots and shoes. I thought I had received a special call to furnish the Jumpers with approved soles; but alas! one fine morning the holy man was translated, I think his followers called it, for he was nowhere to be found! This sad defilement caused me to go back; I could not meet my rent, and—"

"Why, how much do you owe?" said the kind-hearted ventriloquist. "I am now nearly three quarters in arrears; it will soon be upwards of £20." "Who is your landlord?" "Squire Summer." "What! of the Legion Mills, Ancoats?" "Yes." "Why, he is one of the great cotton lords; he is as rich as a Jew. If I were to become surety, now, don't you think he'd give you time?" "He has been very patient; I cannot complain of him. But he is a man of business—a man of money—Never having known want himself, he cannot conceive it to spring from any other cause than improvidence, or worse, and has little sympathy with it; the last time he was here he said he should call once more, and then, if the money was not forthcoming, the law must take its course. I expected him yesterday, and—"

"Eh, mercy, man! what's the matter with you?" said Macmillan, "you tremble." "Yes, I see he's coming; he has that fellow Broadman, the broker, with him." Macmillan looked out, and saw, indeed, the Squire's footman, and a very shabby, suspicious looking fellow, apparently an employee of the broker. He had scarcely time to cast a rapid glance around the deserted shop, and call all his thoughts together, ere the party were at the door, and had entered. "Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation. "I have struggled, Heaven knows as long as I was able, and I can do no more." "Well, Mr. Penny," said the Squire, blandly, advancing to the counter, "you know, of course, the cause of my visit?" Here, huge staring Poll Parrot, who, with its cage, formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle

"call again to-morrow," to the astonishment of all present except Macmillan. She followed this by "I know a bank." The Squire and broker stared. The Squire, however, resumed, "You are, of course, provided, Mr. Penny?" "Alas! no sir," said the poor tradesman, "it's useless to deceive you any further; I cannot pay you at this moment, nor either do I know when I can; take my little property, sir, let it pass as far as it will, I will do the best that I can: Providence will not forsake me." "What's o'clock?" interrupted the parrot; "Polly wants her breakfast."

The children, who had this time stolen covertly in, curious to know what was going forward, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity. Their little round eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man, from which they felt in instinctive awe, somewhat repressed them. "Well, well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "if that's the case I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there's no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?" "None," replied the shoemaker. "Then I'll proceed to my work at once. Item, one Dutch clock." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" exclaimed Poll. Poor Penny looked stupefied. The children, who had been regarding the scene, as we have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, now could not help clapping their little hands at Polly's appropos speech; but a look from their father restrained them. Broadman continued, "One high desk and counter, one slate, one shoemaker's bench and tools, three chairs, two tin candlesticks, six bootlaces." "Woodman, spare that tree," sung Polly.

"You'll put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Broadman?" "Oh, no, we never mention her," sung the parrot. "Very odd," exclaimed the Squire. "I should like to have that bird; what's your name, Polly?" "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," sung Polly, cocking her head very knowingly. "Answers quite like a Christian," replied the Squire; "seems to answer everything, I declare." "What's o'clock, cried Poll. "Amazing upon my honour," ejaculated the Squire. "Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter, Cecilia, has been worrying my life out for the last six months, to buy her such a bird as this: one that can talk, and sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Penny, I don't want to be hard upon you; let me have the parrot, give me a note of hand for £5 balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for the £15 due." "Don't you wish you may get it?" saucily replied Poll, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about. "Such a bird as that is worth more money," observed Macmillan; "I wouldn't mind giving that much for it myself." "Oh! whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad," whistled Poll. "Wonderful!" said the ventriloquist; "I think the fairest way would be to let Poll come to the hammer, and bring whatever she is knocked down for." "The woodpecker tapping the hollow beach tree," sung Polly. The Squire was electrified. "One lapstone—anything more?" said Broadman. "Oh, yes; ten lasta, sundry wax-ends," &c., &c. "Stop! stop!" interrupted the Squire, "I must have that bird: I'll take it as payment of the rent in full. Penny, will that suit you?" Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck. He hesitated as if he had some compunctions. The Squire observed it. "That not enough? Well, then, I'll make it £20—Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns. Will that do for you?" Broadman, withdrew that man. "You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, with your ninepence," added Poll. The Squire was delighted. Macmillan thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny apparently unwilling resigned possession of the bird. "I shall take my prize home at once," said he. "Good-by, Poll," cried all the children. "Good-by! My native land, good night," sang Poll, looking very grave, and twisting her head first on one side, and then on the other, placing herself in her swing, and violently rocking herself backwards and forwards. The signal seemed to be given for her departure. "Now, John," cried Poll, when the cortege began to move. "Drive on gently over the stones." "John does your mother know you're out?" John grinned like a Cheshire cat. The Squire looked enchanted, and the children shrieked again with surprise and delight. As for poor Penny, he seemed perfectly satisfied. As soon as the shop was fairly cleared of the Squire's party, he turned to Macmillan

and with an air of much perplexity, begged he would look in on the following morning, when he would have some skins, from which he might choose the leather for his boots, for just at that moment he felt quite bewildered. Highly elated that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, the good ventriloquist did not intrude, but considerably took his leave. He was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and found that the honest cordwainer had laid out the £5 he had received, over and above his rent, the preceding afternoon, to the very best advantage. He had stocked his shop with a good supply of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers. While Macmillan was selecting the materials for his boots, the Squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by his footman, bearing Poll. Penny was surprised, and so, too, seemed Macmillan. "Well, Mr. Penny," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought you back your parrot—it is very extraordinary, but it has never spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune: it has done nothing but squeak, squeak—scream, scream, till my head has been fit to split, and so have those of everybody else; in fact, without any wish to offend you she is a perfect nuisance. I wouldn't keep her in the house, if anybody would give me a hundred a year to do so. It threw my daughter into hysterics; she upset the glass globe, split all the gold fish—a rare chance for the cat. Return me the £5 I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent." "I'm sorry to say," said the conscientious John Penny, "that I've laid out the £5; but, however, as the bird don't suit you, if you'll take my note of hand for the £5—"

"Why, stay," said Macmillan, "parrots very seldom talk in a strange place at first; put Poll in her usual place, and then see." The cage was accordingly restored to its former position, when to the utter astonishment of all present, Poll immediately began to sing, "Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." "This is incredible, but I've heard of such things before. What a sensible, intelligent creature she is; I must give her another trial; take her back, John." "I'll gang me mair to you town," whistled Poll, but, however, to no effect, for she was borne off, considerably stupefying John, by crying, "What's o'clock?" "There you go with your eye out," &c. "You appear to be surprised at my amazement, Mr. Macmillan," said honest Penny, when the party was out of sight, "but will not be long so, when I tell you that until yesterday I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Summer had said, she had never done anything but squeak and scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to the noise at last, though they threatened to break my windows and twist her neck off at first—it was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but use reconciles us to anything; and I think now that I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was." Macmillan had no doubt of it. "But I must leave you," said he, "so work away my mind, I shall look in to-morrow as I pass to see how you are getting on."

He called next morning and found the leather for his boots cut out, the lasts prepared, and honest John commencing operations. While giving his final directions, Squire Summer again unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied, as on the previous day, by John with Poll. "Bless me, sir," said Penny, "is it you?" "Yes, Mr. Penny, I've come again," returned the Squire, "with this diabolical bird: not a moment's peace have we had—"

"What! do you find her talk too much, sir?" inquired the shoemaker, with great simplicity. "Talk too much!" said the Squire, "the obstinate brute, confound her, she has never talked at all. Put her in her old place, John." "Don't I look spruce on my niddy?" whistled Poll. "Oh, hang you! you have found your tongue," said the Squire, "have you? but I'm not to be done a third time: keep your bird, Mr. Penny; I wish you joy of her." "But I've spent the money you gave me for her," said honest John, "and I don't exactly know when I shall be able to pay it back again." "Oh, never mind the money, only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with the loss the best way I can." Poor John was somewhat reluctantly prevailed upon to take back the bird, and pocket the affront of its return, as well as he might. Poll was, therefore, again restored to her former situation, looking very wise; and as the disappointed landlord departed with his man John, much chagrined at the result of his purchase, being himself a character by no means accustomed to buying things at a loss, Poll could not help giving him a fang as he went, as if to quicken his movements, by singing out, with great glee, "Go to the devil and shake yourself," following the exhortation with a loud laugh. "Well,"

said Mr. Penny, as soon as they were fairly out of hearing, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken." "Pretty, pretty Poll—pretty Poll." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" said he, coaxingly. "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" was echoed by all the children, who had crept in on the departure of the Squire. Poll was, however, deaf to the call of the charmer. "Bless me," cried John, "has the bird grown sulky all in a hurry?—why, it won't talk now." "It will talk now as much as ever," said Macmillan, laughing. "The fact is, as the farce is finished, and there is no money returned, I may as well, to prevent your puzzling your brains any further, let you behind the curtains, friend Penny—reveal the secrets of the prison house. You are indebted to your Poll, and your partner, Joe, for the payment of your rent; and you being once more set up in business, there is your Poll, and here is your partner, Joe. To prevent her speaking by note, or, rather, not speaking at all, I spoke for her, and, as it appears, to a very good purpose. I see it all," said John, upon whose mind the truth now flashed like lightning.

Practical Hints.

1. Inordinate expenditure is the cause of a great share of the crime and consequent misery which devastate the world.
2. Through every grade of society, this vice insinuates itself.
3. The single man who spends ten to fifteen dollars per month in frolic and fine clothes, and the clerk who throws away fifty dollars per year in dissipation, are paralleled by the young merchant who fills a spacious house with costly furniture, gives dinners and rides in a splendid coach, on the profits he expects to realize when all his goods are sold and debts paid.
4. The clerk who spends more than he earns is fast qualifying himself for a gambler and a thief.
5. The mechanic or trader who overruns his income is very certain to become in time a trickster and a cheat.
6. The man who lives faster than he earns, there look out for villainy to be developed, though it be the farthest thing from his present thought.
7. Let a man have genius for spending and whether his income is a dollar a day or a dollar a minute, it is equally certain to prove inadequate.
8. If dining, wine-ing and party-giving won't help him through with it, building, gaming and speculation will be sure to.
9. The bottomless pocket will never fill even from a bounteous stream.
10. The man who (being single) does not save money on six dollars a week will not be apt to do so on sixty; and he who does not lay up something in his first year of Independent exertion will be pretty sure to be poor in his old age.
11. No man who has the natural use of his faculties and his muscles, has any right to tax others with the cost of his support, as this class of non-financial gentlemen habitually do.
12. It is a common mistake to fancy that if a debt is only paid at last, the obligation of the debtor is fulfilled; but the fact is not so.
13. A man who sells his property for another's promise at a future day is never really paid unless he is paid when due.
14. There is just one way to pay an obligation in full, and that is to pay it when due.
15. He who keeps up a running fight with bills and loans, through life, in continually living on other men's means, is a serious burden, and detriment, to those who deal with him, although his estate should pay every dollar of his legal obligations.
16. Debts are to be paid; whether to the printer, doctor, merchant, neighbor, or the bank, and no man is an honest man who disregards the least or any of his promises.

Change of Colour in Fish.

The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light color. Keep them living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although on first being placed there the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the back ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt, this facility of adapting its colour to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same colour as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of colour is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, we leave it for the scientific to determine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Success of the Steam Fire Engine.

The Steam Fire Engine is no longer an experiment. It was again tried publicly on Saturday, and fully performed all that was claimed for it and as this is a very important invention, we give a full account of that trial: At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, four horses were hitched to the machine, and in the presence of a large crowd of spectators started off with it. They seemed to pull it on the level street without any difficulty, and it committed no damage whatever to the pavement, as was predicted.

As the horses started, the fire in the furnace was lighted. In ten minutes lacking four seconds, sufficient steam was made to operate the engine. The machine was taken down Race street to Fourth, and along Fourth to Broadway. Here another important point was to be tested. It was thought that owing to its immense weight it could not be safely taken down hill. The all confident builders selected Broadway, it being the steepest and longest hill in the centre of the city, and as the machine commenced descending the excitement was intense. Nine tenths of those present expected to see it become unmanageable and rush with fury down the hill. But such was not the case. The force of the engines were thrown on and off the hind wheels, now chocking and now letting her free, and without the least trouble and at a moderate rate it descended.

It was taken to the cistern at the corner of Columbia street and Broadway, the horses detached and the engines put in motion. The correct time from the moment it was taken from the station on Race street, until it was throwing water at the cistern (having been hauled eight and a half squares), was just nineteen minutes.

Mr. LATTA, one of the builders, managed the engines, and Mr. BRAY, the City Fire Engineer, who has labored hard for the success of this experiment, superintended the hose and pipe connection. The machine appeared on the ground with their superior engine, the "Ocean," in order to contrast its powers with the steam engine. About 900 feet of hose was laid, partly up hill, to the Nines engine, and then another experiment tried. While supplying the "Ocean," the steam engine threw three streams of water through inch nozzles, 125 feet.

All the power of the steam engine was then put into one stream, and an inch and three-eighths nozzle attached to the hose. The firemen, pleased with their last successful throw, picked their best and stoutest men for this even trial with the "Steamer." The Ocean's brakes were crowded with experienced firemen, who were confident they could beat the intruder. The signal was given—puff! puff! went the steam engine, and away spirited the water. The firemen bore down and up in quick succession, and strained every nerve as they saw their stream shooting far ahead of the other. Then a little more steam was put on the steamer, and further and further it cast that vast volume of water.

The fire used every exertion to "catch up," but in a minute becoming utterly exhausted, they "gave it up." But the steam engine did not "let down;" its exertions were increased, and the crowd cheered, as the water was thrown further and further still! The firemen put up their brakes and hauled off, yet the steam engine tired not. The size and length of the stream it threw surprised everybody. The distance from the end of the nozzle to where the solid body of water fell at this throw, was two hundred and twenty-four feet! It took two stout men to steady and direct the pipe.

The capacity of the machine to keep up steam was then tested—it having been worked steadily, throwing two streams of water, for over half an hour. There was no lack of steam.

A section of India-rubber hose was then attached to the boiler, and steam passed off through it. It sent forth a vast volume showing that there was the means of extinguishing fire in confined places, without drenching the entire premises with water. There was now only one thing more to be tested. The machine worked well, ran well, threw water well, and descended a hill nicely; but could it be taken up a steep grade? That was the question, and many were the predictions that it would stall at the foot of the hill. The horses were again hitched, and it was surprising to see with what ease they turned the machine around, and off they went with it up Broadway. At the foot of the hill, steam came to their aid, and the machine sped up the hill at a rapid rate, and was taken to its station in double quick time.

Cincinnati Times, Jan. 6.

What madness it is for a man to starve himself, to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy! For his joy at your death will be proportioned to what you leave him.

A Yankee Bugle Player in England.

Some ten or twelve years since, an American bugle-player concluded to make a trip to England to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country. A day or two after his arrival in London, (in which place he was almost a total stranger,) he saw an advertisement in the Times, for a bugle-player in one of the regiments of the Guards. Our American presented himself the next morning to the band-master of the regiment, and introduced himself, by saying that he had seen an advertisement for a bugle-player, and he had come to offer himself as a candidate for that situation.

The band-master not thinking that the stranger presented a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him that there would be a rehearsal the next morning, and he might come and show what he could do, intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, our American made his appearance with his E flat bugle in his hand and took his place in the band.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece containing a solo for the clarinet, which the performer upon that instrument found great difficulty in executing.

After several failures, the Yankee bugle-player requested permission of the band-master to play the solo upon the bugle.

The band-master laughed at him, and ridiculed the idea of his being able to perform upon that instrument. However, the American, being very sanguine, consented to the trial was finally obtained, and the band having performed the prelude, the solo was commenced; and scarcely had our hero sounded half a dozen notes when every body else ceased playing and listened with wonder and admiration to the magic notes!

The solo was concluded, having been executed to perfection. An universal storm of applause shook the building.

The band-master, rushing up to the performer and grasping his hand, exclaimed: "Well, you are a Yankee."

"What?" Edward Kendall of Boston? You are not only the greatest bugle-player of America, but also of the world, said the band-master.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.

Peabody's American Chronicle.

A Negro Hermit.

The discourse from which the annexed passage is taken, was actually preached in the town of Zanesville, Ohio, some years ago. The name of the reverend divine, who was a colored gentleman, and we believe a sincere and humble Christian, we have forgotten; but the Judge Harper to whom he refers, we remember well. He was, we believe, at that time presiding Judge of the 15th Judicial Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas, has since represented the District in Congress, and is, if we are not mistaken, the present Representative. The Judge was present at the delivery of the sermon, and was brought in by the preacher, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him. But to the passage—

"My dear friends and brethren," said the preacher, "de soul of de black man is dear to de Lord as de soul ob de white man."

"Now you all see Judge Harper, a sittin' dah leavin' on his grid headed cane—you all know de Judge, niggers, and berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, I gwine to make a little comparison. Supposin' de Judge some fine mornin' put his basket on his arm, and goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece of mutton, and trots off wid it. Do you s'pose de Judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob a white sheep, or a black sheep? No, nuffin ob de kind—if de mutton was nice and fat, it would be all de same to de Judge. He would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or black wool."

"Well, just so it is, my friends, wid our Hebenly Marster. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a black man—wedder his head is kivered wid straight hair, or kivered wid wool—De question he will ax, will be—'Is dis a good soul?' an' if so, de Marster will say—'Enter into de joy ob our Lord, an' set down on de same bench wid de white man—yo'se all on a perfect 'quality.'"

Decorative Gazette.

Motives for Marrying.

GORTIE said he married to obtain respectability. Wilkes declared he wedded to please his friends. Wyckly, in his old age, took his servant girl to spite his relations. The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep herself from fretting to death. A fast young gent married a woman nearly old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her a debt of \$50 for board.

Dec. 11. W. H. COZZENS & CO.
ALSO
All sizes of cotton Comfortables for sale cheap

BONNETS! BONNETS!!
SELLING OFF AT COST, at No. 56 Thames
St. a lot of Silk and Straw Bonnets.
A few more of those 25 ct. Bonnets left.
Jan. 1. **AUGUSTUS FRENCH.**

